
Title: Jordan

Author: Morigan

I was told that my
twin and I were happy
and carefree as
children
like many are in
youth but those
memories are gone. I
also was told that
my mother was a
great beauty of the
village and that my
twin and I look
much like her. My
sister is light as I am
dark in beauty. My
father was
a farmer, a good
provider til the three
seasons of drought
brought his ruin.
He was unable to feed
his small family and
when the taxman
came, he was
forced into a fateful
decision. His choices
were to lose his farm
and his
family be thrown into
debtor's prison or to
sell his daughters to
the slave
merchant. He chose
the later. I often
dream away the
hours, imagining
how my life would
had been if he had
choosen differently.
There was no
fanfare in our leaving
or arriving to out new
home. I hardly
remember it except
for the feeling of
excitment due to
riding on a horse
for the first time.

The place we were delivered to was like a palace to us. Large, marble structure with many rooms and fountains. I later found out that this was just the female slave quarters and the only place I would see for many years. My sister and I were well taken care of, taught the rules and that obedience was mandatory. Years passed, we were trained together in the art of pleasure, til the day of seperation. That day burns within my heart as if it were yesterday.

When we had reached the age of sixteen cycles we were shown to and tested by our future master.

If we pleased our master we were to be marked, branded, of his mark. That night was filled with anticipation and dread all mixed together but we both fared well and pleased him, Lord Anwar.

The next day we were marked. I went first and was branded with his mark in two spots on my body. My reaction to this apparently scared my twin for she fared even worse. As a result of her marking she was deemed unfit and seperated from me forever.

I was not given a chance to mourn her leaving for I

was quickly swepted
into the world of
pleasure and
servitude. When I had
gain the position of of
favorite, my master
sent me away to the
school of
Mistress Anna,
where I would receive
more training. I was
to be trained
in the warrior arts at
this school but I was
not there for very
long. I
had met a man named
Cedric and he pleaded
with my master for
my freedom.
Lord Anwar grew
tired of this and held
an auction to rid
himself of me and
I was sold to Cedric.
My freedom was
granted me and I was
given a taste
of something I had
never dreamed of or
wanted. Time passed
and the concepts
of freedom and love
escaped me and
slipped through my
fingers. I had lost
my master and Cedric
and was alone.
While wondering the
land I came upon
the city of Rivendell
and met Roland
Deschain. He knew of
my master, Lord
Anwar, and would
help me obtain a
viewing with him.
Upon our conversation,
it was agreed upon
that his Lordship
would not want me
back and that freedom
did not suit me well.
Roland agreed to
become my master and
I was contented.

Through my service to

Roland I was made his
ghoul yet he would not
become
his childe, for this
was not to my
temperment. I needed
to be of the clan
of Toreodor and
through Roland I met
Moriganna, my sire.
My body holds
another mark, tis the
mark of a rose with
five thorns and I wear
it proudly.